A

SATYR

AGAINST

Confinement.

Multa ſenem circumveniunt incommoda: vel quod
Querit, & inventis miſer abſtinet, ac timet uti:
Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque miniſtrat,
Dilator, ſpe longus, iners, aviduſque futuri,
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, cenſor caſtigatorque minorum.

Hor. de Arte Poet.

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THE PREFACE.

TRUE Satyr is ſharp Thoughts delivered in ſmooth Language, for 'tis the Senſe Wounds, and not the Words: Nothing grates us more, than to be Corrected with Temper, Rage and Paſſion deſtroy Reaſon, and a Man rediculouſly Cenſures others, when at the ſame time he's guilty of the greateſt Weakneſs himſelf.

'Tis evident, how the preſent Age degenerates from that Standard; but as all Poetry declines, Tragedy into Fuſtian, and Comedy into Farce, ſo Satyr dwindles into Scold; and Men, inſtead of laſhing others, expoſe themſelves, their ill Nature, ill Breeding, and want of Wit.

Such wretched Scribble leſſens the value of Wit, for the Town thus impoſed on, are as cautious of reading new Poems, ſince the Publiſhing the two Arthurs, *and the* Satyr againſt Wit, *as of taking Phyſick.*

How the following Trifle may pleaſe, I am not very Sollicitous, the careleſs Air which appears throughout, ſhows what little Pains was beſtow'd on it; I think it comes nearer Satyr than many late Pamphlets, for tho' I wou'd not pretend to be a Pattern my ſelf, I'de be thought to imitate thoſe that are.

The Subject I take to be new, and the Matter the Airy part of the World may allow Reaſonable, it neither Reflects upon the Court, the Town, or the City; for to

call a Man of Figure, Fool; a Man in Office, Knave; or an Alderman, Cuckold; formerly were reckon'd meer Raillery; but now Poets shou'd be more reserv'd, for a Satyr is a little too severe when it speaks truth.

I affected brevity, a dull Poem is too long by every line, but what is thought too short, seems lik'd; for tho' it argues no small assurance for a Young Man to hazard his Thoughts amongst so many Experienc'd Judges; 'tis a Modesty which palliates that assurance, to doubt his own Performance, and rather to say too little, than too much.

A SATYR AGAINST Confinement.

HAD I deſerv'd to be ſeverely Curſt, (worſt,
And Heav'n ſhou'd ſtudy what wou'd Rack me
Something beyond thoſe three great Plagues of Life,
Poverty, To be Slighted, and a Wife;
The greateſt Torture to a Gen'rous Mind,
Is, to Depend, to Cringe, and be Confin'd.

Kind Nature ev'ry Man intended Free,
For only Brutes are born to Slavery;
The ſpacious World was form'd for Man to Rove,
His Wiſdom, Skill, and Judgment to improve;
The Riches, and Delights, all Parts produce,
Were meant for our Diverſion, and our Uſe,

That we might variouſly our Senſes pleaſe,
Indulge our Vanity, and Sooth our Eaſe;
Reſiſt no Joy, but humour ev'ry Taſt,
Since Life is but a Flaſh, and cannot laſt:
But Fortune, that damn'd Jilt, that's always blind,
Thwarting my Nature, made my State confin'd,
And croſs'd the Gen'rous Roving of my mind.

If ev'ry Man 's with ſo much Stock ſupply'd,
As to have common Prudence for his Guide;
To be Confin'd, he owns himſelf a Fool,
For why ſhou'd one Man's Senſe another's rule?
But wretched Int'reſt, Senſe and Wit betrays,
Religion, Honeſty and Friendſhip ſways:
The World perceiving how dull Prieſts abuſe,
What Stuff they teach us, and what Tricks they uſe,
Gold, their own Idol, have reſolv'd to chuſe;
That Deity's great force, our weakneſs finds,
It moulds our Nature, and our Reaſon blinds:
The Nymph that wants a Meen, an Air, a Face,
Gold gives her ev'ry Feature, ev'ry Grace:
The Sot that can command a large Eſtate,
May purchaſe Wiſdom at the higheſt Rate;

For

For ev'ry Squire that's Fool enough to Treat,
Cuſtom and Breeding gives the name of Wit.
How vilely Fortune does her Gifts diſpenſe,
Advancing Folly, and deſpiſing Senſe:
Some Claim we might afford her Idiot Race,
Poor, and a Fool, wou'd be too hard a Caſe:
Yet modeſt Senſe a Smile ſhe ſhou'd allow,
For Wit may loſe its force, when kept too low;
But Chance, to Merit blind, gave Fools the Sway,
And the few Wiſe muſt tacitly obey.

Ill-natur'd Age, which Spleen and Vapours ſooth,
A Froſt that nips the Bud of blooming Youth,
Fond of Grey Heirs, and of Experience vain,
Peeviſh, Perverſe, and Obſtinate to reign;
Proud of Pains-taking, and a gather'd Store,
Tho' ſtill unſatisfy'd, plods on for more,
Yet wanting pow'r to uſe that Wealth, is poor:
What Poverty, and Famine, thoſe attend,
Who on a Miſer's Bounty muſt depend;
In vain from him another hopes Supplies,
Who Neceſſaries to himſelf denies;
Study'd Obſervance, and Reſpect they claim,
But their uneaſie Temper's ſtill the ſame,
Submiſſion is but Oyl to feed the Flame;

Friendſhip,

Friendſhip, Love, Duty, no impreſſion make,
Till forc'd by Fate, their Riches to forſake,
Then weep to leave you what they cannot take:

VVhat ſmall Allowance by Old Age is made,
To Youthful Paſſions, when their Heat's decay'd;
But tho' damn'd Spleen our Actions may controul,
In vain wou'd any one confine the Soul;
VViſe Men, tho' tortur'd, and in Chains, we ſee
Are ſtill compos'd, becauſe their Thoughts are free;
For tho' by force the Body is confin'd,
'Tis Courtſhip, and Addreſs, muſt win the Mind;
The World's Agreements in themſelves are vain,
From their own ſeeming Charms no Conqueſts gain,
But only as our Fancy lets 'em reign;
And Fancy's fickle, roving, unconfin'd,
The Nat'ral flowing of an eaſy Mind;
Juſt to our preſent taſte Delights we chuſe,
One moment covet, and the next refuſe;
But force to what we love our guſt deſtroys,
And Bus'neſs proves a Pleaſure, when a Choice.

In ev'ry Science, ev'ry Art we ſee,
Nothing proves Natural, that comes not free:

VVhat

What wretched mean Performances are made
In Poetry, by thoſe who write for Bread;
Confin'd to time, they rack their barren Brains,
For ſome dead Lump, the Product of their Pains;
Void of all Ornament, Wit, Turn, or Dreſs,
And their bare Thoughts, their naked State expreſs;
How groſly Men their Genius thus abuſe,
To think hard Study the beſt things produce;
In vain ſometimes a Month our Brains we teaze,
For what a Moments Genius vents with eaſe:
But tho' our Genius may one hour obey,
That happy Hour we prove not ev'ry day;
Thoughts muſt have time to ripen and digeſt,
They'll ſcarce be courted, but not ſtrain'd the leaſt;
A mettl'd Steed without a Spur beſt goes,
And Genius, when unharraſs'd, ſooneſt flows.

But more Confin'd, and rigid, is his Fate,
Whoſe Stars have doom'd him to a Marry'd State;
No hopes of a Reprieve, but Noos'd for Life,
Ty'd to the nauſeous Drudg'ry of a Wife;
Love is the Nobleſt Paſſion of the Mind,
How Brisk with Freedom, but how Flat, Confin'd:

How Repetition does our Senſes cloy,
How dull the Object, and how faint the Joy,
If ev'ry Night your Kindneſs is not ſhown,
The next Day ſhe purſues you with a Frown,
For want of what ſhe is aſham'd to own:
But two ſuch Clouds we may diſperſe with eaſe,
Thoughts ſooth the Poet, Love the Wife will pleaſe;
But what Attempts can teſty Age appeaſe?

When tame Subjection to Curſt Age you make,
Conſider what a Task you undertake;
What Conduct, Wit, and Strength, you muſt produce,
And how diſcreetly thoſe Ingredients uſe;
All like the trueſt Weather-glaſs muſt move,
If one point jarrs, the reſt in vain may prove.
We read of Miracles perform'd of Old,
By Men, Sage, Crafty, Reſolute and Bold;
But cou'd this Age produce a greater Store,
More wond'rous than we ever heard before,
He that can humour an Old Man, does more:
But Conduct, Wit, or Strength, in vain you ſhow,
Attempting what's impoſſible to do.

He that pretends to know a Dotard's Mind,
May ſooner prove the Changes of the Wind;

For there ſome Rule may ſeem to help his Wit,
But he muſt have ſtrange Skill, who thinks to hit,
What neither Rule nor Reaſon will admit;
When time hath a Decay of Nature wrought,
And Leudneſs, with Old Age, Diſtempers brought,
Each bodily Diſeaſe we always find,
Produces an ill Humour in the Mind;
When Soul and Body, thus unhing'd, are Foes,
And each, by Oppoſition, fiercer grows,
How vainly does calm Reaſon interpoſe,
Such Diſcord as a tuneful Voice that ſings,
Joyn'd to an Inſtrument with untun'd Strings,
Shou'd Cuſtom make you with more Patience bear,
And time acquaint you what their Humours are;
When you have ſtudy'd all to gain your Eaſe,
And think at laſt you've found the means to pleaſe,
Some new Pettriſes, with ſome new Diſeaſe;
At length you are convinc'd you ſtrive in vain,
And you've this Comfort, after all your Pain,
With *Siſyphus* your Task 's renew'd again:
Heroick Minds you think wou'd ſtill be bold,
Yet only Fools and Cowards are controul'd;
But after all this beating of the Brains,
The Profit ſcarce will recompence the Pains;

For

For when on a ſhort Life your Hopes rely,
You'll find (tho' ev'ry Fit their Fate ſeems nigh)
Old Men are always Sick, but never die.

What Soul that harbours the leaſt Gen'rous Senſe,
With ſuch mean grating Uſage can diſpenſe?
Too dear a Purchaſe for dull Life we give,
To live in Fetters, *when 'tis but to live*:
If Gold was for the Body's uſe deſign'd,
We ſhou'd not, to feed that, debaſe the Mind;
When for that part too much Concern we ſhow,
We loſe our Characters, and ſtoop too low;
But the weak World by ev'ry Wile's deceiv'd,
And falſe Amuſements are true Joys believ'd;
Rul'd by vain Toys, which Heav'n as Subjects gave,
And Idolizes what was meant a Slave;
Ev'n Woman, tho' for Uſe and Service made,
Aſſumes a Subtle Pow'r, and is obey'd.

If I was doom'd by Heav'n to be confin'd,
Jove to my Fortune ſhou'd have form'd my Mind;
Made my Soul ſupple to my cringing State,
To ſooth the Petts of Age, and baſely wait,
The ſlow Reverſion of a grudg'd Eſtate:

But as my Spirit aims at ſomething high,
And my curb'd flutt'ring Genius fain wou'd fly,
I'll ſcorn to court, and fawn on thoſe I hate,
But daſh my Chains, ruſh forth, and try my Fate.

The World to various Men, and Manners leads,
What Path each Pilgrim fancies moſt, he treads;
One Nation is more Learned than the reſt,
And will encourage a Young Student beſt:
What blooming Fancy, and keen Wit is loſt,
By Fools neglected, and by SURLIES croſt;
Touch'd with Ambition to excel, we ſtrive,
And Genius by Applauſe is kept alive,
As rip'ning Fruits by the Sun's kiſſes thrive:
Valour, Wit, Writing, Eloquence we try,
To ev'ry thing Ingenious Talents lie;
And no Man is ſo curſt thro' all his days,
But may by ſome one means his Fortune raiſe:
Yet ſhou'd all fail,---Unjuſtly he complains
Of a low State, who has a Stock of Brains:
Contempt, or Poverty, he need not fear,
A Man of Senſe is welcome ev'ry where,
A Kind Reception in all Parts he meets,
And his Talk doubly pays for what he eats;

Courted by Each, and he that makes the Feast,
Thinks himself most indebted to the Guest:
Why then should Sense desire a settl'd State,
Sots live contented always at a Seat;
As Birds long Cag'd, attempt not to get out,
But quietly one Circle hop about:
So Squires the same Walk ev'ry day repeat,
And ne're transgress the bounds of their Estate;
But Wits survey the World, they love to Rove,
For 'tis Experience must their Wit improve;
Inquisitive, they ramble up and down,
Their Fame makes ev'ry Man's Estate their own,
And yet are troubl'd with the Care of none:
But their Misfortune's ——Too refin'd a Taste,
Not ev'ry Banquet's with their Presence grac'd;
Nice in the Conversation where they eat,
And if they like not that, refuse the Treat;
Men of no Worth, the greatest Merit boast,
And Fools in Company will talk the most;
While Men of Sense suspect their Stock's but poor,
And the most serves to shew, there wants much more;
When with good Company the Table 's blest,
'Tis Sauce, and Spirit, for the courcest Feast;

But

But in a Medly where low Jeſts abound,
Puns, and ſuch Stuff, for ſolid Wit goes round;
The Wine taſts flat, and the Meat ſeems ill dreſt,
One Senſe offended, ſickens all the reſt;
Yet Fools a loading Feaſt, and Nonſenſe prize;
And Wit, and Senſe, thro' want of taſte, deſpiſe;
Mean brutiſh Luſts, their Thoughts alone employ,
They live, move, croud the World, and know not why;
But as few reliſh what's above their Sphere,
Fine Thoughts, and Turns, to Fools as flat appear,
As nice *Diviſion* to an unskill'd Ear.

Fools are an Eaſy, Modeſt, ſupple Kind,
Like bending Boughs that humour ev'ry VVind;
No Prejudice, no Spleen, no Paſſion know,
Their Temper even, as their Thoughts are low;
How pleas'd is Age, when ſuch a Tool it meets,
VVhoſe Calmneſs a Rough Mind ſo nicely hits,
To ſtudy Tempers, and Reproaches take,
Be Spurn'd, Contemn'd, yet no Reſiſtance make;
Support all Hardſhips, and all Humours bear,
Such Conduct ſure deſerves to be an Heir:
But if none better merit an Eſtate,
Than Slaves who court it at ſo vile a rate,

To

To Fawn, to Flatter, to Obſerve, to Bow,
Are Sciences mean Spirits only know,
True Manly Virtue ne're deſcends ſo low:
Give me but Parts, and Liberty to Rove,
Wiſe Men are Careleſs how their Fortunes prove.

But ſhou'd I range the Earth, and no where find,
A State diſtinguiſh'd, Equal to my Mind;
Shou'd ev'ry Nation alike Selfiſh prove,
And all Mankind be void of Friendly Love,
All thoughts of Men, and Living, I'de decline,
Nature may Sicken, and the Body Pine,
The World's unworthy of a Soul like mine.